

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN

THE MAGAZINE OF



NEWFOUNDLAND



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- GHOST OF MORRISAY'S BROOK
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OCTOBER, 1953. VOL. X, NO. 6

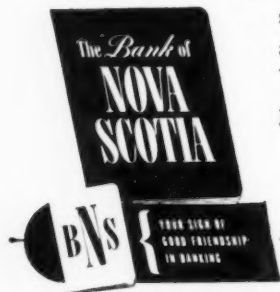
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Atlantic Guardian

THE MAGAZINE OF NEWFOUNDLAND

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VOL. X, NO. 6, OCT., 1953

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Editor & Publisher

BRIAN CAHILL
Associate Editor

ART SCAMMELL
RON POLLETT
Contributing Editors

JOHN MAUNDER
A.O.C.A.
Art Director

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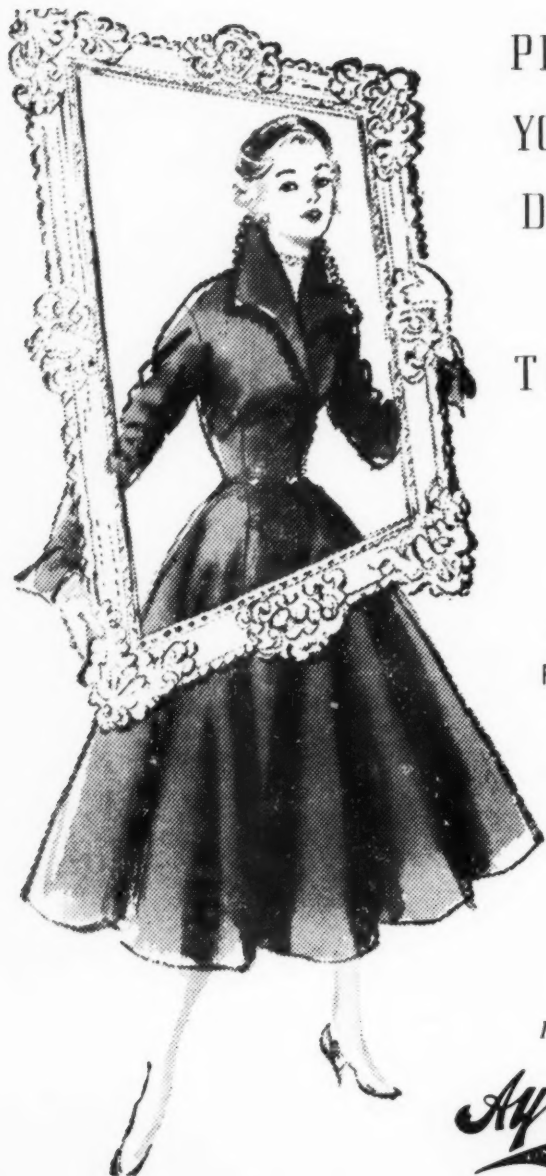
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Atlantic Guardian's Platform

- To make Newfoundland better known at home and abroad;
- To promote trade and travel in the island;
- To encourage development of the Island's natural resources;
- To foster good relations between Newfoundland and her neighbors.

Cover Picture: This dramatic picture of a scene along the Cabot Highway, taken through the windshield of an automobile, is a good introduction to the A. G. Album "Down Bonavista Way" (Pages 17 to 20). Photo by Adelaide Leitch.



PICTURE
YOURSELF
DRESSED
TO
THRILL

In
FALL'S
NEWEST
FASHIONS

From

Ayre & Sons
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NEWFOUNDLAND.

Give Us Time, Mr. Stein

HOME this autumn for the first time in 34 years, Mr. Conrad L. Stein, well-known Marine Surveyor of Baltimore, Maryland, saw many changes for the better in his native St. John's and elsewhere in Newfoundland—but not quite enough for his liking.

Among the improvements he hoped to see more of were paved roads, tourist lodges and motels, and, particularly, a greater variety of Newfoundland souvenirs on sale in the public places. After spending a couple of weeks in and around St. John's with his wife—who is American-born visiting Newfoundland for the first time, Mr. Stein was in the mood to "write to the papers about it all."

While we appreciate Mr. Stein's annoyance and impatience over limited tourist facilities, having preached the tourist gospel in these columns and elsewhere for some years, we cannot help feeling that maybe he and his good lady missed some of the signs that indicated definite progress being made in the development of the tourist industry in Newfoundland.

The Province now has a full-time Tourist Director, the energetic Al Vardy whose efforts, supported by the superlative "Peg" Godden, Assistant Director, have just recently been further bolstered by the appointment of newspaperman Bruce Woodland as Tourist Public Relations Officer . . . in Montreal a modern car ferry for use between North Sydney, N.S., and Port aux Basques, Nfld., is well advanced and expected to be ready for operation late in 1954 . . . the Newfoundland section of the Trans-Canada Highway, at least the western end, should be completed in time to permit automobiles brought over from the mainland by the new car ferry to travel as far east as Gander.

Meanwhile, tourist cabins at such places as Trinity, T.B.—run by war veterans Rupert Morris whose enthusiasm for the tourist business is unbounded, and at Swift Current, P.B., where mainland standards have well been reached, are setting the pace for a thriving local tourist industry.

We agree entirely with Mr. Stein when he says that, as in mainland Canada and the United States, the tourist trade could be Newfoundland's top money-maker. But a trans-Island network of roads and places of accommodation must come first.

Give us time, Mr. Stein. It should not be very long before Newfoundland will have all that it takes in the way of man-made facilities to lure not only the well-heeled sport fisherman and the big-game hunter but the ordinary tourist who packs the family into his car once a year to go some place new and spend what money and time he has been able to save for a good holiday blow-in.

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Lumsden South

By DON RYAN

LUMSDEN SOUTH on the Straight Shore of Notre Dame Bay is a sandswept village—treeless, grassless, shrubless. Sand is everywhere. It comes in through cracks and crannies like the fine frosty snow of February does and piles up in heaps and banks around the dwellings. Sand storms during the spring and fall months are as frequent as snowstorms during the winter.

The sand which has invaded this village of 200 inhabitants is as fine as the sand in an hour glass and it takes very little wind to stir it up and blow it from doorstep to doorstep like the swirling snows of January.

The village once boasted vegetable gardens and willow trees and grassy sod around every doorplace, but now within the heart of the settlement is found only one small potato garden that's putting up a valiant struggle for survival.

The sand invasion began some thirty or so years ago when the top soil of a huge dormant sandbank to the north of the settlement lost its rooted grip and erosion instantly set in.

The drifting sand from this 100 foot dune filled in a river, levelled off a gap in the harbor where fishermen use to moor their trap boats, buried fences underneath, invaded the heart of the settlement, destroyed all vegetation—even the willow trees, and unearthed remains in the village cemetery.

These remains had to be re-coffined and removed to a cemetery out of range of the drifting sands on a hill overlooking the two Lumsdens. It was a grim task for the villagers who removed some seventeen carloads in all.

When the early settlers chose the site for the cemetery on the outskirts of the village it was twelve feet above tide-water mark, but within the space of little more than

half a century it was reduced to grave bottom level.

This sand drifted amid rocks up the grassy incline from the cemetery and buried beneath it the grassy sod around the dwelling houses. It buried vegetable plots and garden fences and piled up around the houses so much so that the residents had to strip off their baseboards to allow free passage for the swirling sands.

Hen Coup a Foot Above Ground

Even chopped up firewood, in order to prevent it from being drifted in, has to be piled on platforms and hen coups have to be raised a foot above the ground.

Housewives complain but can do very little about it. The sand gets in their clothes, their hair, and is brought in on boots. When a high wind is blowing and the sand is drifting the windows have to be shut down. Even then it insidiously creeps in.

Fishermen, too, complain as a sand storm can ruin waterhorse fish that has just been spread. They try to escape the drift as much as possible by building high flakes over the sandbanks or down by the shore where the sand has not yet reached.

In the village the houses are very

near together. The vegetable gardens are on the outskirts. In them villagers grow enough vegetables to last them throughout the year and cut enough hay to feed their horses and sheep during the winter months.

Horses are used to bring firewood some five miles away and for hauling waterhorse fish from their waterside stages to their flakes a few yards away. Villagers also keep a few sheep but no goats. Cow population is just one.

In the early days of settlement the village was known as Cat Harbor but later changed its name to Lumsden in honor of the first Methodist minister ever to come on the Straight Shore. He was Parson Lumsden and was stationed in Greenspond.

The village has always been a fishing settlement ever since it was inhabited some hundred years ago. Fishermen from Trinity and Conception Bays use to put in here on their way to the Labrador.

The settlement then offered shelter from the storms as schooners found safe anchorage in the basin of the river which has since filled in with sand. Today fishermen anchor their small boats in the lee of Cat Harbor Island just a few lines off shore. During a severe storm they have to pull them ashore. The water is shallow and the seas can be rough.

The drifting sand dune has imposed extra hardships on those hardworking folk who have lost their battle with the sands but who are still waging a determined struggle with the sea.

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The Ghost of Morrissay's Brook

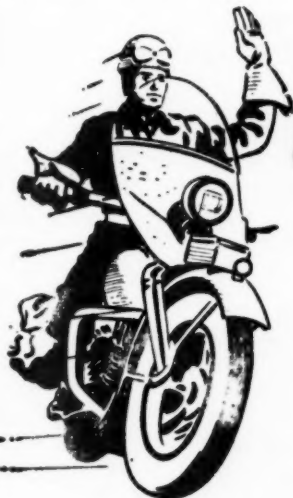
What! you never have heard, nor have read in the book
Of the ghost that inhabited Morrissay's Brook?
Then slacken the sheet, put her stern to the gale,
And I'll tell you the once that remarkable tale.
But first, let me make it as clear as I may,
That Morrissay's Brook is in Trinity Bay;
'Way up in the bottom, on Random's South Shore,
Where the gulls and the squids crowd the beaches galore,
Now 'twas back in the days when the Pelleys and Reids
Were beginning to conquer the rocks and the weeds,
That a crew from the May, with a maid for a cook,
Came to Random, and wintered near Morrissay's Brook.
Well Sir, that was a winter, the ivyers declare,
"The like of which never was known around there;"
The snow drifted up to the juniper tops,
And the ice jammed the bays clear down to the Chops.
The baymen—they managed as well as they could,
Till they ate all the rabbits, and ran out of food;
Then the measles broke out, and the cook up and died,
And they laid her to rest in the brook near the tide.
Whatever the fate of the rest of the crew,
The people of Random, it seems, never knew;
The spring broke at last; but the corpse of the cook—
So the story relates—lingered long in the brook.
Now, a rumor had spread through the settlements 'round
That a ghost was about, and was sure to be found
Any hour of the night—if you ventured to look—
Beneath the old bridge that spanned Morrissay's Brook,
Not a saint nor a sinner on Random's rough coast,
Would dare to discredit the tale of that ghost,
Save a fellow from Foster's whose first name was Si,
And who lived by the mill.—Watch the tiller, me b'ye!
Now Si was a man of a skeptical mould,
With his feet on the ground, and his eye on his gold;

Who was slow to believe, and less ready to fear
 What his eye couldn't see, nor his ear couldn't hear.
 It was said he had only one fear in his life,
 And that was the fear of Mariah, his wife,
 A hen-pecking dame, who was known as the "Shrew,"
 And who toppled the scales at two hundred and two.
 Well Sir, Silas ran short of t' backy one night,
 (Which I know you'll agree is a horrible plight)
 So he straddled the mare; put a boot to her hide,
 And was off like the wind on a dare-devil ride
 To "Uncle John's store" over Snook's Harbor way,
 Which the people all went to, around that'a way
 Now Silas rode well, and his heart was as light
 As the merry young crickets that sang in the night.
 For hadn't Mariah that very same day
 Gone to 'bide for a spell with her folks "up the bay?"
 (Indeed, if the light had enabled him to
 He'd have spotted the print of her number nine shoe)
 Si leaned in the saddle, and quickened his pace,
 As he entered the spruce by the old Harnum Place;
 The moon had gone in, and 'twas dark as the grave
 When he passed by the entrance to Skipper Sam's Cave;
 The bats and the owls made a morgue of the night,
 But he glanced not at all to the left nor the right,
 Just plodded right on over Marshberry Ridge;
 Down a deep, wooded gulch; then there was the bridge.
 What was that! The old mare halted right in her track,
 And Si felt a slithering chill down his back;
 From below, through the rumbling depths of the stream,
 Came a feminine wail—a hair-raising scream.
 For a moment it echoed, then all was as still
 As the Jack-in-the-Pulpits that slept on the hill.
 Now Silas was brave, but a shriek in the night
 Is a thing that could put even angels to flight.
 So he coaxed and commanded with wheedle and spur,
 For the mare to proceed, but the beast wouldn't stir.
 And Si might have fled if he only had tried,
 And gone back to town, but there was his pride.
 The owls from the tree tops looked warily down,
 And the night spread about him her full flowing gown;
 And scared as a mouse, but too proud to retreat,
 Si gritted his molars, and stuck to his seat.
 The hours of the night trickled slowly away,
 And the bats and the owls hid again from the day;
 Came the dawn, and our hero looked gingerly 'round,

First up at the sky, and then down to the ground;
 Then he saw at a glance why the mare wouldn't budge,
 Sure the longers were broke in the old wooden "brudge."
 Si peered in the depths to see what he could see,
 "By the horn of the beast, 'tis Mariah!" said he.
 "I 'low she's a gonner," he cracked with a grin.
 "They ain't fixed that brudge since the Tories got in.
 Then a word to the mare, and a flick and a toss
 Of her shaggy old head, and she ups and across.
 Si went to get help from the riggers, 'tis said,
 But I'll wager he went for his 'backy, instead.

—GEORGE H. SMITH.

Allston, Mass.



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Ed. Patten Retires After Forty Years

THE name of Ed Patten and Manton Brothers (Toronto) have been synonymous for many years and we record Mr. Patten's retirement after forty years with the firm, inclusive of war service.

Ed. Patten first joined the firm in the winter of 1913-14, leaving shortly after to join Canada's Expeditionary Forces and proceed overseas. On his return to Canada he joined the staff of the Hydro

Electric Power Commission, later rejoining Manton Brothers at the request of the joint owners. He acted as accountant of the firm until 1935 when a charter was secured and then became secretary-treasurer. Following the death of James Manton in 1946 he was named a director. Mr. Patten officially retired March 31st, 1953, at the age of 65 years.

Ed. was well known throughout the country as a member of the Toronto Club of Printing House Craftsmen, which group he joined in 1921. He served as president for two years (1942-1943) and held many committee posts, the most important being chairman of the "500 Years of Printing Committee in 1940." He was president of the Third District during 1946 and in 1944 was joint chairman in the organizing of the International Association of Printing House Craftsmen Niagara Falls convention.

Ed Patten is a great family man and has four daughters and two sons. Both sons served with the RCAF overseas during the last war. All children are married and Mr. and Mrs. Patten, both of whom enjoy excellent health, are grandparents of seven boys and four girls.

His hobbies include golfing and lawn bowling and the maintenance of many friends. Ed Patten often quotes: "If you have a thousand friends you haven't one to spare."

—Printing Review
of Canada.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Ed. Patten is a native of Grand Bank.

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Pete Nichols Of The H. B. C.

by LYN HARRINGTON

IT seems hard to realize that travel between Newfoundland and the Dominion of Canada was once tied up in red tape.

But that's what Petet Nichols of St. John's found, back in 1932, when he decided to join the Hudson's Bay Company. He reached Montreal just after the immigration quota had been filled. So he simply went home, and waited for a year. Then he was posted to the HBC post at Cartwright on the Labrador, and when the *Nascopie* called in on her northern trek, he went on to northern Quebec.

Peter Arthur Cunningham Nichols, now of Winnipeg, Manitoba, urges other ambitious young Newfoundlanders to do the same thing. In fact, he even made two recruiting trips to his home town in the past couple of summers.

"We have had a good response from the young men of Newfoundland," he said in a recent interview in Winnipeg. "And on the whole, we've been very pleased with those that have remained with the Company. Actually, Newfoundlanders make better apprentice clerks than most. Many have grown up in the small outposts, and they know that movies and bright lights are not necessary."

Pete Nichols was born in the outpost village of Brooklyn, in Bonavista Bay, in 1914. His father



PETER A. C. NICHOLS

of Winnipeg, in the caribou skin clothing which he wears in the Arctic. The two white stripes are understood to be symbolic of the walrus' tusks.

was Anglican missionary there, but later moved to St. John's where he was rector of St. Michael's and All Angels until his death in 1926. Pete's mother, three sisters, and one brother (an optometrist) still live in St. John's. But Pete always wanted to go north.

So in his first term as an apprentice clerk in the fur trade, he got acquainted with trading posts at Cartwright, Wakeham Bay, Southampton Island in Hudson Bay, and Lake Harbor in Baffin Land. Then he was made manager of the Port Burwell post, at the tip of the Labrador. His first five years had given him a thorough grounding in the fur trade. When he boarded the *Nascopie* at Burwell for his vacation "Outside", he knew he was going back.

It was on the *Nascopie* that he met a slender blue-eyed American, who was taking the round-trip cruise, as a graduation gift. Marion Buell of Rochester had always loved the north, though so far, it had meant mostly northern Ontario. She was to know more of it, and love it more still. For the following summer she was again a passenger on the *Nascopie*. She and Pete were married on shipboard by a clergyman passenger.

"We were at Cape Smith for a couple of years, no one but ourselves and the Eskimos," she recalls. "It was a wonderful experience."

A House on Red River

The Nichols now have four young tow-headed sons, like the steps of a stair. They live in a large white house on the banks of the Red River . . . a delightful spot with lawns and trees and flowers and birds. "And also a lot higher above the river level than our previous house, which was flooded to the ceilings two years ago, during the Winnipeg Flood."

Pete Nichols was 26 when he married, and had been with the Hudson's Bay Company four years before he became a post manager. That is still how the thing works out, usually. The apprentice clerk signs up for three years with the Hudson's Bay Company. By the end of that time, he knows if this is the life for him. It means, too, that the Company has wasted a lot of money, if the clerk decides he'd rather go fishing, or clerking in a bank.

"But there are very few ways for a young man to get on his feet

quicker than this," says Pete Nichols earnestly. "The apprentice clerk starts off at \$120 a month, less \$50 for board and lodging—that's a nominal sum throughout his career, and doesn't by any means cover the costs. He may be earning \$150 a month by the third year. Then he gets a post to manage, with a consequent increase in salary, plus a bonus of \$500 a year. So that a young fellow could very easily afford to be married, say three years after he joined the company. Only one married man is allowed to a post, and that must be the manager, not the apprentice."

The adventure of fur trading in the Arctic is not stressed nowadays. Apprentice clerks still go fishing and hunting, if they wish. But they need not put their noses outside house or store, if they don't care to. Pete well remembers how he learned to build igloos when in the north. And in later years, when forced down in an airplane during a storm, he put that knowledge to good use.

"We could have slept in a tent, but they get very cold once you put the Primus stove out. The igloo was much warmer, and we put in a very comfortable night there."

That has happened on more than one occasion. Last winter on one trip in to Repulse Bay, storms twice made forced landings necessary. But they made the journey safely. "Adventures? Why, it's all adventure, if you look at it that way," says Pete with a laugh. "But really, there's no hardship about travelling in the Arctic nowadays."

P. A. C. Nichols is now Section

Manager of the Western Arctic and Central Arctic Sections of the Fur Trade of the Hudson's Bay Company. Translated into everyday terms, that means that 14 out of the 28 Arctic fur posts are under his jurisdiction. (There are some 200 trading posts in all.)

He is responsible for everything about those 14 posts, which are strung out from Holman Island in the Arctic Ocean, east through Coppermine and Bathurst to Spence Bay, and from Igloolik south to Padlie and Eskimo Point, just west of Hudson Bay. It is his responsibility to make these posts pay for themselves if possible.

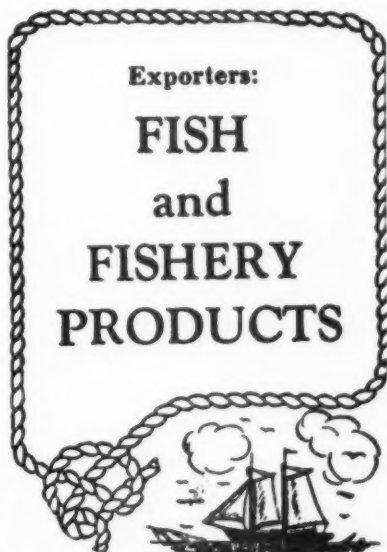
"But in the Arctic, we have to take a long-range view. We may lose money for years on end, in the hope of recouping our losses some years when fur prices are high. The only fur from the Arctic is white fox, which brings a poor price right now, because of the small demand from fashion buyers."

It is to the interest of both trader and trapper to balance supply and demand. For this reason, only certain items go into the stock books for the Arctic posts. These are things that are useful in the Eskimo's economy. If the Eskimo wants to buy a wrist-watch, say, or a record-player, and has the fox pelts to trade for such extravagant items . . . the trader orders them specially. After all, it's a free country, and the money belongs to the Eskimo to spend as he sees fit. Still, the trader often puts a brake on extravagance. "Better save some of your credit for another time," he'll suggest. And some Eskimos have built up a very healthy credit in

this way, enough to buy a schooner even.

Pete Nichols flits back and forth across the top of the continent, in the Company's plane, covering about 40-50,000 miles a year in all. Often his plane will leave Winnipeg on skis, and return on wheels. For the wheels are shod with skis which may be removed in fifteen minutes, something very important in a land where the seasons are so diverse as in Canada.

But he asked for the north. As the old proverb says, "Be careful what you ask for—you might get it." Pete Nichols got what he asked for, alright.



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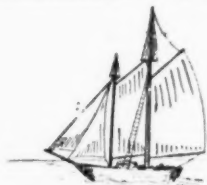
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A. G. ALBUMS:

Down Bonavista Way

The pictures on the next four pages were selected from a photo-a'bun: "Clarenville to Bonavista," made up a couple of years ago by Adelaide Leitch, former Managing Editor of this magazine. There are lots more where these came from and others will be used from time to time.

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN

DEEP BIGHT



CLARENVILLE



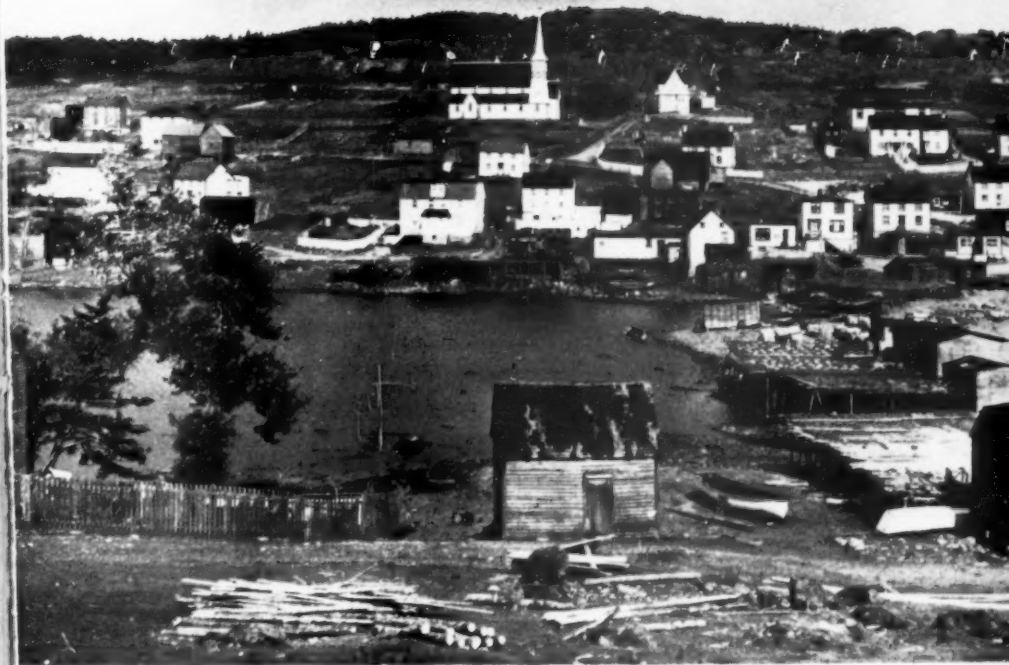
PLATE COVE WEST



REDCLIFFE



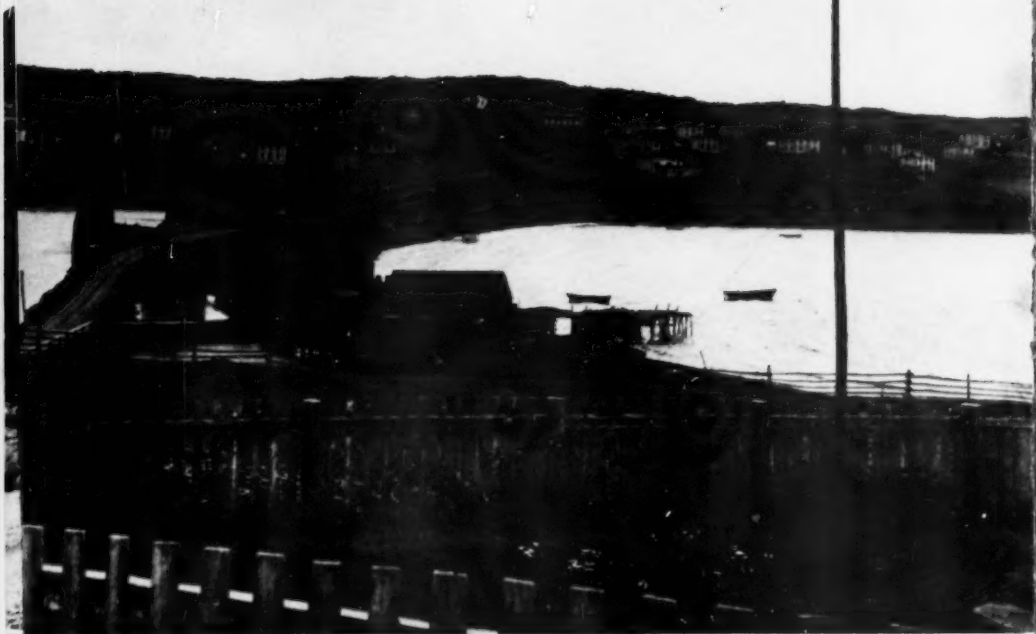
KING'S COVE



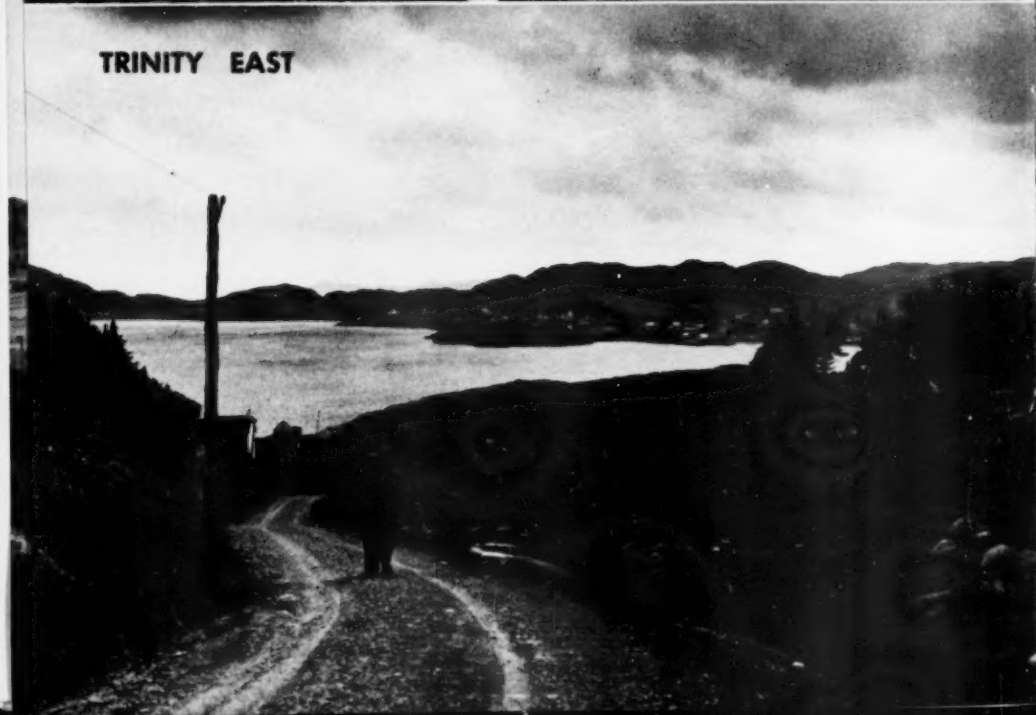
BONAVISTA



PORT REXTON



TRINITY EAST



The Caribou Hunt

by JOE DOAKES

EARLY in December the fever of Caribou hunting becomes high. We begin to pick up our dogs, komatics, and other equipment, watching any others who will be going in another party, so that we will not be the last to leave.

Last year our guide came for us in his passenger boat with three other hunters, who had 2 komatics, dogs, canvas tents, stoves, snowshoes, and other equipment necessary.

It was blowing a gale, and Halls Bay was white with drifting spray curling up in the air in the wind squalls, but on arrival at Springdale we took on board two more hunters with their equipment, and left for West Brook, arriving there at 4 P.M., where we took out our gear, loaded our komatics, lashed the gear on well for the rough trip, and left for West Pond, four teams with big loads. The road was bare of snow, so we had to use hauling ropes, and keep out in the bushes, where the sleds would slip over the low alders easier than over the gravel.

We went in 2½ miles to West Pond which was about 4 miles long, and a mile wide, with wooded hills on either side, to some A.N.D. Co's camps at the end of

the road by the end of the pond. We unloaded our supplies and brought anything the dogs could eat, or destroy into the camp. About 9 P.M. Sandy and I went out to the boat, to help get her over the West Bottom to moor up, then back to the camp about 11 P.M., where the kettle was boiling, and we put some smoked herring on top of the stove to cook. The fat running out of them and burning on the stove whetted our appetites.

Thursday the motor boat that came down the pond couldn't take the dogs, so 5 of us left to walk around the pond with the dogs on a short trace. There was no snow. It was after a big thaw, the ground was not frozen. There were a lot of pools, little streams and mud puddles in which you could sink to your hips. The dogs would weave around the stumps of trees, and tangle in the underbrush. Clear them out. They would jump over pools and pull you through. A real tug-o-war and you the loser. There was no road, but a cowpath, probably made by moose, which are numerous, but after the gales last summer almost everywhere on the North side of the pond was covered with windfalls. Trees up to 50

feet long and 18 inches through were uprooted, and blown down across the path in hundreds. Even the small trees 6 inches in the butt were 40 to 50 feet long, and all as straight as a line. They had to grow straight because there wasn't room for them to grow a crook. In this trail several trees had the rind chaffed off, and on examination you could see where snares had been tailed, and moose caught. A closer examination found the heads and legs under spruce tops, by the side of the path.

We arrived at the small log cabin at the upper end of the pond, which was built for mailmen, and travelers, lit a fire in the big oil drum stove, which smoked so much we had to put it out of doors, to boil our pot on, and put our camp stove in the cabin. Then we cut some fir limbs for the bunks, had a big boiled dinner. We then put some potatoes, turnips, and carrots in a bag, with a rock in it, to sink in the pond, where they would freeze and we would have some good vegetables when we got back to the pond.

That night 8 more hunters caught us and pitched a canvas tent in the tall woods near us. While we were trying to sleep 70 dogs were wandering around and fighting.

Breakfast by Candlelight

Friday morning early we got breakfast by candle light, and started off all up hill, with no snow, but the frost on the fallen leaves, and young shrub made good slipping till we came to the windfalls again. Six of us had to go ahead with bucksaws and axes. The trees

Baby of the Month



Successful candidate for this month's Baby Column is **VIOLA BATTEN**, two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Max Batten of Terra Nova. Viola's favorite song is "Doggie in the Window", and her mother says she can do her share of barking too!

were so tall and so close together that they could not fall flat, and the daylight was dim. We sawed a tunnel through the windfalls, sawing a tree off in two places, limb out the junk, and haul the sleds and supplies over it, as the trees were too close to throw it one-side.

Then it began to blow and snow. After 5 or 6 hours we began getting clear of windfalls, but came to open brooks or small rivers like Cox's brook, across which is a large grey pine, about 24 inches in diameter.

and 50 feet long, and blown down probably 150 years ago, and has been used by Indians for a bridge: It was not wide enough for a komatic to run on, so we felled two long trees across the brook, limbed them out, and cut some more, which we put across the tall ones, and made a bridge which we crossed, and then came to a perpendicular hill, about 200 feet high which had gravel and big boulders in the path. We unpacked our supplies and carried them up the hill. We broke one komatic and while three men were left behind to repair it we went on, and would have the camp pitched by the time they caught us. We began to get a little more snow under foot on the higher ground, and after an hour came to another steep hill which we mounted in the same way, and kept on going crossing ponds over the ice, till we came to Doughby pond, about dark, where we camped for the night, in canvas tents, with a small stove, and fir limbs for a bed, which smelled like Vicks Vaporub. It was stormy.

Saturday morning we were up early in a snowstorm, took down the tents, and harnessed the dogs, packed our stuff on the sleds and left, punching the wind, and snow. We went through about 2 miles of young pine trees which looked like a thinned out pine forest, and

looked lovely in the light snow. Then we came to open country, just snow covered hills with small patches of flake-boughs, and the ground was covered with boulders for miles; these were covered with a thin layer of snow, which the sleds would push off, and drag over. It was hard going, but promises that it would be better soon made us keep on till we got out of the boulders, and came to clumps of moss, upon which one runner of the sled would run, and tip her right over. Then more rivers to bridge, and mud pools to cross, in which the sleds would sink and stick, and you'd get your feet soaking wet and be hoarse from bawling at the dogs to pull.

"French Woman's Brook"

Then we came to French Woman's Brook which was wide but shallow, and the leader hesitated to cross, till driven on, or maybe he waited till the sled was to the bank of the brook, so that he would have enough slack trace to reach the other side. Anyway he punned his way across tightening the trace, and dragging the other dogs through the water till he got all the dogs on the other side, leaving the sled in the middle of the stream, as if they thought their work was finished.

Toward evening we came to marshes between the hills, which

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were also white with snow, and finally arrived at the foot of the White Hills by Barney's Brook, the banks of the brook covered with tall timber, just wide enough to shelter camps from the wind.

Our guide and I went hunting to see if there were any signs of caribou. We saw a few drifted-in tracks, and got back to the camps, after dark. It was good to hear the fire burning, and see the candle light shining through the canvas. The two camps were set side by side.

After supper and a smoke we turned in. About 3 A.M. I awoke cold, so I hauled my windbreaker, and some old clothes over my head, and fell asleep again, till about 5, when I awoke colder than before. I lit the fire, got a cup of tea, got breakfast for the others, and lay back perfectly comfortable to have a smoke.

Sunday was a lovely day, so two of us went to look for signs of moose, in the green woods, while two more went on the barrens to look for signs of caribou. The branches of the big trees were loaded down with light snow, which fell through the night, and the bright sunlight made it sparkle. We came to a small clearing in the cen-



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ter of which two moose had yarded up for the night. We followed their tracks, but knew they had been set adrift. The tracks led us to the bank of the river, which was about 40 feet wide, flowing very swiftly, with some big boulders rising out of the water, and one in particular, about 20 feet from either side, was frozen in a cake of ice about 4 feet square, which was covered with about 14 inches of light snow. The moose had broken through the snow on one bank of the river when they jumped for the rock, and left the snow sprinkled with mud and water, but they made the rock, and the other bank of the river, and disappeared in the woods on the other side.

Monday morning we split up in parties, leaving one man in the camp to see that the dogs did not get in to eat our grub, and to cook for us. We walked towards Grandfather's Lookout, a barren snow-covered mountain, with mist, or low clouds hiding the top. The others went in different directions.

From Grandfather's Lookout we could see Mount Sykes, the Gaff Topsail, Sheffield Lake, with the deep blue water surrounded by the glistening snow. To the eastward were trails of timber leading out to Halls Bay, where the hills were green. In the snow around us were very scattered patches of scrub spruce, and in the open spaces sticking up through the snow were a few ghosts of dead dried trees 8 to 10 feet high. They were grey twisted and snarled, as if they began to die when they came through the earth.

The tops of the hills were

marked with large boulders, I suppose by the Indians, years ago. On the top of one hill there would be a large round boulder, with a smaller one on top, which must have taken 10 men to put there, and then another on top of that. The next hill would have about 10 large boulders rolled around to form a circle. These marks were everywhere, all different, and as all the hills are alike in the snow, hunters can pick themselves up by these marks.

We would snowshoe till noon, then boil up by a patch of scrub for shelter, then walk again looking for tracks, which it takes an experienced hunter to see, due to the drifting snow. We arrived back at the camp about 7 P.M.

A Company of Caribou

Next day about noon we saw something moving, about a mile away. It was a company of Caribou travelling up country in single file, resembling a long body, with heads sticking up every two feet, and with 100 legs which were passing in front of each other. Behind were two little fawns which seemed to be impatient at the slowness, and would prance off the trail, play for a few minutes, then run to catch the others, and play again. The others would follow their leader, an old Stag with large antlers, and very good eyes. (By the way he would stop and try to stare us down.)

We crept upon them, keeping to leeward, so they would not scent us. They do not believe their eyes, and can see you without becoming alarmed, but if they scent you they are supposed to gallop away madly. After half-an-hour we were in a

good position. They were crossing Barney's Pond directly under the Topsail, and we were in a tongue of trees, on a little hill by the edge of the pond, and they had to pass in rifle shot. Another company of two had joined the first company we saw and now there was about 100 Caribou there. The first 20 were small, and our guide said to let them pass, and he would give the word when to shoot, and he picked out the stags we were to shoot.

We went to pick up our deer, and two of them were only crippled, and trotted off to join the company. The company was split, and the 20 that passed wanted to come back, and the others wanted to come on and join them, but they were afraid, and just stood there like frightened sheep.

They were big marks. They could not dive. You could shoot them in the guts, or legs, and so many places that would only cripple them and make them suffer in dying, and I found no pleasure nor sport, in the killing of them.

A seal in the water is different. A seal is as intelligent as a man. There is only its head to shoot at. When you shoot you either kill it, or don't touch it. It is a small lovely mark. There is the excitement of finding the right position, tailing out right, wondering where it will come up, if it will float long enough to get it. Shooting Caribou is like shooting a company of goats.

Next morning we picked up our deer, loaded our sleds and started for home, reaching West Pond at dark, where we got our vegetables and a ten pound baking-powder tin which we had left there, and put on a big boiled dinner. One candle was alight near the stove, two others in the corner of the room. Steam from the clothes drying made it dark. One of us became impatient at the slowness of the dinner boiling, and pushed the cover on the can. When the pot began to boil the cover flew off, and everything came out of the can scalding one of the party, who was standing directly over the stove drying his overalls. We put flour on his face, then thought baking powder might be better, then found we had some aspirins which we gave him.

Next day we arrived home to find that there is another world outside the wilderness—with clocks, radios, better lights than a candle, that they have names on the days of the week, and *the Bedlamers and old Harps are in.*



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ATLANTIC GUARDIAN

Trinity

LISTED among the oldest settlements in Newfoundland is the old town of Trinity. Its history down through the years has been very interesting, especially to those of us who claim it as our birth-place. But the last 50 years have seen great changes, especially along the waterfront. When, as a boy, I roamed around its shores I could count some 50 vessels lying in the harbor and could call them all by name; also the names of the skip-pers were well known to us. This past summer, while visiting Newfoundland, I was told that today there is not one vessel in Trinity engaged in the fishery.

One of the splendid sights of our day was to see all those vessels sailing out the harbor to the Labrador in the Spring and then to see them coming back again in the Fall, many of them fully laden with the summer's catch.

Some records of old Trinity go back to the year 1500. The place is supposed to have been discovered and entered on Trinity Sunday, hence the name. Others claim it was named Trinity because of its 3 distinct harbors — Northwest Arm, Southwest Arm, and Trinity Proper.

The first Court of Admiralty was convened in Trinity in 1615.

(Continued on page 28)

Dear Trinity, the dearest place
In all this wide, wide world,
Nestled so cosy, 'neath the base
Of dear old Rider's Hill.
How often in our boyhood days
Your beauty we enjoyed,
By sliding down your frozen lakes,
And down your steep hillsides.

With ice-boats o'er the South West
arm

How gaily we did speed;
Young life was gay—to future thoughts
We seldom gave a heed;
Our hopes were high, our spirits glad,
Your future was unknown.
We thought not of tomorrow,
Or wither we might roam.

Sweet memories of childhood
How often we recall
The scenes of dear old Trinity,
The dearest place of all.
Though we may roam in different
parts,
And different sights do see,
No place comes dearer to our hearts
Than dear old Trinity.

Here is a place of which we're proud,
And ever speak with pride,
We're not ashamed to speak your
fame,

It never yet has died.
Your sons your honor gladly will
Maintain on land and sea;
Second to none in all our hearts,
Is dear old Trinity.

(Continued from page 27)

Trinity was twice taken by the French, once in 1706 and again in 1761. It was fortified on the Old Fort Point, and at Gun Hill. One of the earliest papers published, *The Trinity Record*, was put out in 1886. Trinity has sent many her fine sons into the Church of England Ministry, including Rev. Canon White, who became Bishop of Newfoundland.

The first vaccination for small-pox was performed at Trinity by Dr. Jenner. The last male Beothic Indian, John August, was buried in the old graveyard in Trinity in 1788. There was a Masonic Lodge at Trinity as far back as April 20th, 1795.

The first Speaker in the first House of Assembly in Newfoundland was J. B. Garland from Trinity, in 1832.

Trinity has had some bad disasters in her history including the S.S. *Lion*—lost in 1882; the Trinity Bay Disaster in 1892, when 25 men perished; the schooner *Effie M* lost with all hands, 1907.

Trinity gave many of her fine sons for the cause of Peace during the last two wars and some returned with high honors.

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When England called in her distress
Your sons were not afraid
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Of the right stuff were made.
Among the boys of Newfoundland,
Who served on land and sea,
No braver boys will there be found
Than those from Trinity.

They went and fought, those gallant
boys

The Turks at Sulva Bay,
And gallantly they did their part,
While there they had to stay;
Brave Billy Tibbs, and others, too,
Though wounded they may be;
They came back heroes to their homes
In dear old Trinity.

Your sons always took their part
In any walk of life,
On sea and land they ever stand
In calm as in the strife,
True to the old red, white, and blue,
The flag of the brave and free;
None ever more loyal or sincere,
Than those from Trinity.

God bless your sons, your gallant sons,
And may they ever stand,
In readiness to face the foe
Whether on sea or land.
And may they when the battle's won
Return victoriously,
There to enjoy their happy homes,
In dear old Trinity.

And when you sing your song of
praise
And songs of victory,
Assembled in your dear old Church,
In all security,
Give thanks to Him who rules on
high, The Royal Majesty,
That you have such a lovely place
As dear old Trinity.

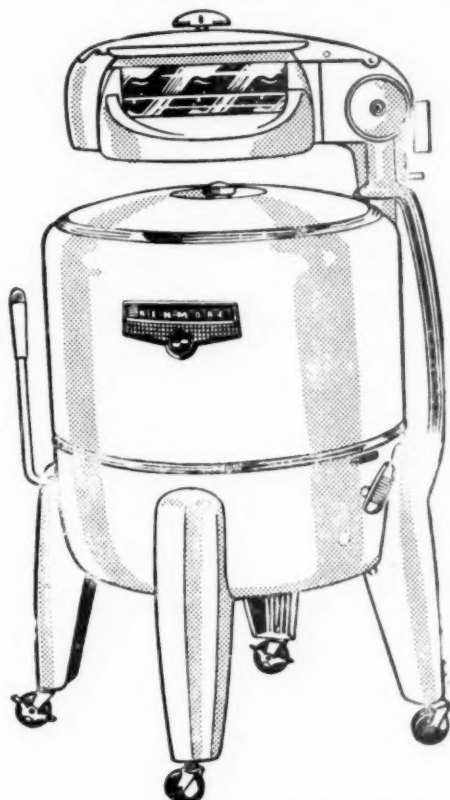
—RICHARD BUGDEN.

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● A Moose Comes to Town

Around the middle of September, citizens of Mount Pearl, near St. John's, and others residing on the Topsail Highway near the city, were startled to see a bull moose roaming in those parts. Evidently this big fellow strayed from his pals to take a look at the bright lights—from a safe distance.

● Road to Random

It is now possible, for the first time, for motorists to drive from St. John's or any point on the Cabot Highway, to almost any point on Random Island where there are settlements. This further advance in road communication is made possible by the building of a causeway from Clarendville to Random, the biggest island in Newfoundland's coastal waters. The causeway was put there by the Federal Government and the Provincial Department of Public Works built the roads necessary to complete the link.

● The Quarterly Comes Back

Back in circulation is The Newfoundland Quarterly, all dressed up in modern style and ready to go places. New owner and publisher is L. W. Janes, a Newfoundlander who spent many years on the mainland. Re-issued in March of this year, after a brief lapse, The Quarterly has the

"new look" but retains the historical and literary flavor given it over 50 years ago by its founder, the late J. J. Evans. The magazine's mailing address is P. O. Box E-5419, St. John's, Nfld.

● Going and Coming

As this is written, Dr. Cluny Macpherson, C.M.G., distinguished Newfoundland physician, is on its way back from Ottawa where at a two-day convention he was elected **First Vice-President** of the Medical Council of Canada—and the Hon. E. S. Spencer, Minister of Public Works in the Provincial Government, is on his way to Western Canada to attend the annual meeting of the Canadian Good Roads Association, of which he is the **President**.

● From Reader's Digest to A.G.

The smart, four-color Canada Savings Bond advertisement appearing on the back cover of this issue of Atlantic Guardian was printed* from a duplicate set of engravings supplied originally to Reader's Digest in whose pages you will see the same advertisement. It's nice company to keep!

* In Newfoundland, by Newfoundlanders.

PHOTO FLASHBACK—Housebuilding at Pushthrough on the South Coast. It was our cover picture in May, 1945. →



ATLANTIC GUARDIAN



Trepassey

by MICHAEL P. MURPHY

ON the south coast of Newfoundland, just around the corner from historic Cape Race, past the small fishing villages of the Drook, Long Beach, Portugal Cove South and Biscay Bay, lies the settlement of Trepassey with its magnificent harbor three miles long from Northeast to Waddleton's Point on the Lower Coast.

Frequented from very early times by sturdy, sea-roving Spaniards and Biscayans who left their mark in the names of Biscay Bay and Portugal Cove South, Trepassey was for many years a fishing resort for the various European nationalities who fished in our waters.

The origin of the name of the settlement is buried in obscurity. "Trepassey, the Bay of Trepasses, or All Souls" is the way that the Rt. Rev. Bishop Mullock inter-

prets the meaning of the name in his "Lectures on Newfoundland."

The first attempt at permanent settlement at Trepassey was made in 1617. In that year the celebrated Sir William Vaughan, D.C.L., author of the "Golden Fleece" and other works—"a great scholar and a most absurd pedant" Prowse terms him—came over from England with a party of Welsh colonists after obtaining a grant from his patron and friend, the equally pedantic King James I.

Despite the roseate dreams of Sir William Vaughan, and the grandiloquent name "Cambroil Colchos" which he bestowed on the settlement, the poor Welsh emigrants were not the type to successfully vie with the rigors of the Newfoundland climate. Their unfitness for the task of colonization is



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best described by Sir Richard Whitbourne who brought over another batch of emigrants to the settlement in 1618. "They never applied themselves," he said, "to any commendable thing, no not so much as to make themselves a house to lodge in, but lay in such cold and simple rooms all the winter as the fishermen had formerly built there for their necessary occasions the yeere before those men arrived there." The attempt at settlement ended in 1619 in complete failure and the poor emigrants returned to the more salubrious climate of Wales.

After the exodus of Vaughan's settlers and until about the middle of the eighteenth century, there is a long hiatus in the history of Trepassey. It is known that during that period some Frenchmen settled there but were driven out by the English. On another occasion, Bartholomew Rogers, a noted pirate, sailed in Trepassey Reach with flags flying and drums beating, attacked and sank nineteen vessels at Northwest, tried to entice fishermen to join his crew, but failed in the attempt and left.

Again, in 1737, when Justices of the Peace were appointed to administer the law in Newfoundland, Trepassey was one of the eleven settlements important enough to receive a set of "Shaw's Practical Justice of the Peace" with the name of the settlement impressed in gold letters on the cover.

From 1750 onwards, many emigrants came over from the different counties of Ireland, but predominantly from Wexford, and they must have felt at home with

the bare landscape along the Eastern Shore and the peat bogs near the present-day Fanny's Pond. The old rock fences, painstakingly piled up by those pioneers in clearing the land, still remain, and there is still a "little bit of Ireland" about the place in the soft speech of the people and the old customs and traditions that die hard.

Many English emigrants also settled in Trepassey, notably the Jacksons, Stones, Burkes, Simms, Wadd'etons, and Folletts. The Waddletons (the name was originally Worlington) and the Follets, descendants of Sir Isaac Follett, still remain. The other families have died out. Among the Irish families were the Devereauxs, and Suttons from County Wexford, the Molloyes, Curtises, Corriganes, Pennells, O'Briens, Kennedys, and others. Their descendants make up the population of present-day Trepassey.

During the reign of George II fortifications were erected on the prominent hill called "The Look-out" on the Lower Coast. A soldier's barracks was built just under the hill. Little remains of those fortifications except two cannon that now serve as gateposts for the church, and traces of the site of the barracks.

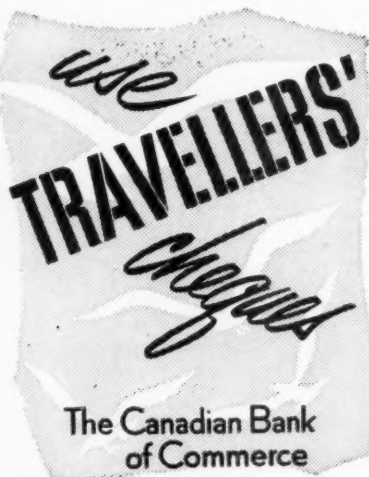
Whatever else the future holds in store for Trepassey, its name will go down through the ages in the history of pioneer aviation, for it was from Trepassey Harbor on May 16th, 1919, that the American seaplane NC4 took off and successfully made the first crossing of the Atlantic Ocean by air. Again, on June 17th, 1928, the world-

famous woman aviator, Amelia Earhart and her pilot and mechanic, William Stultz and Lew Gordon, left Trepassey Harbor in the hydroplane "Friendship" and made the flight to Burry, Wales, in twenty hours and forty-nine minutes. Up to that time, Miss Earhart was the only woman ever to

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cross the Atlantic by air. It was from Trepassey also that Colonel Francisco de Pinedo took off on May 23rd, 1927, on his famous four-continent aerial tour in the hydroplane *Santa Maria*.

Trepassey has long been known as a mecca for sportsmen. Good fishing is to be had at Northwest and Northeast rivers and Biscay Bay, where the salmon and sea-trout are plentiful in season. In the shooting season hunters roam all over the barrens from the Twenty Mile Stretch to St. Shott's and there is never such a scarcity of birds that the hunter cannot get a good bag every day.

Today, Trepassey is much smaller in population than it was even fifty years ago when a flourishing fish business was carried out; wharves lined the Eastern Shore and the Lower Coast, and it was not an uncommon sight to see 100 sail of vessels in the harbor. However, with the new impetus to the fishing industry and the fact that the processing plant of Fishery Products Ltd. at Northwest is to be extended with Government aid, it is believed that Trepassey will regain some of its old time prosperity and reach the status rightfully due it among the other long-established settlements in Newfoundland.

REPRINT OF THE MONTH



How Many People?

(An Editorial in The St. John's Daily News)

NEW information issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics reveals that Newfoundland's population continues to grow rapidly and has increased to 383,000 from the 361,000 recorded in the 1951 census.

This seems to be a remarkable rate of growth, particularly in view of the fact that we are probably less influenced by immigration gains than any other province. No figures are now kept of immigration and emigration but it is known that a great many people left Newfoundland during the past eight years, among them workers who have settled permanently on the mainland and the wives of American servicemen. The rate of immigration is thought to be much lower.

It seems to follow, therefore, that any increase in our population must be attributed to the natural increase and that there has been a rising birth rate in the past few years.

For a country of limited economic opportunity the steady rise in the population is almost phenomen-

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al. At the turn of the century we had 220,000 people. By 1921 the figure had risen to 263,000 and at that time, as on many earlier occasions, the pessimists were asking what we were going to do to find jobs for so many.

The working force in 1945 was 112,000 or about 35 per cent of the whole population. This suggests that it is today about 130,000 and that, assuming full employment, 18,000 additional persons have acquired jobs in the past eight years. The working force has actually doubled since 1901 when as many as 40,000 persons were engaged in the fisheries alone.

But of the present working force

the employment of many is temporary. One of the main tasks of economic policy is to divert them from this temporary to permanent employment but in addition there is the problem of taking care of some two thousand persons a year who, while the population continues to rise at its present rate, are added to the labour potential.

It seems probable, therefore, that we are reaching a stage where population growth in the future will find itself limited by the degree to which new employment opportunity can be provided.

On the other hand, a growing population creates additional employment on a steadily rising scale in the service industries. In fact, with the completion of the trans-insular highway and the swift expansion of local road communications, thousands of new jobs will be automatically created. Thus, without any new industries, it may be possible over the next few years to absorb the normal annual increase in the working force.

Provided this holds true and general economic improvement is recorded on a progressive scale, it seems obvious that we shall reach the 400,000 mark in another three years and may go to 500,000 by 1967. But everything hinges on the constructive nature of public policy and the outcome of the present industrial development programme. A new spur to this programme is clearly given by these population figures.

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If you are a customer of ours you will know from experience that this is not an idle boast.

If you have not tried the **Guardian** service, why not give us a chance to prove that we mean what we say?

Small jobs and big jobs alike reflect that pride and craftsmanship which makes all **Guardian** printing outstanding.

Maybe you want a new letterhead, something a bit better than the one you are now using? We'll design and produce just what you need — quickly.

If it's a price list, a catalogue, or even a four-color booklet, that you have in mind—the **Guardian** staff and facilities are at your service.

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Prestige printing of the **Guardian** standard costs so little and means so much—to you.

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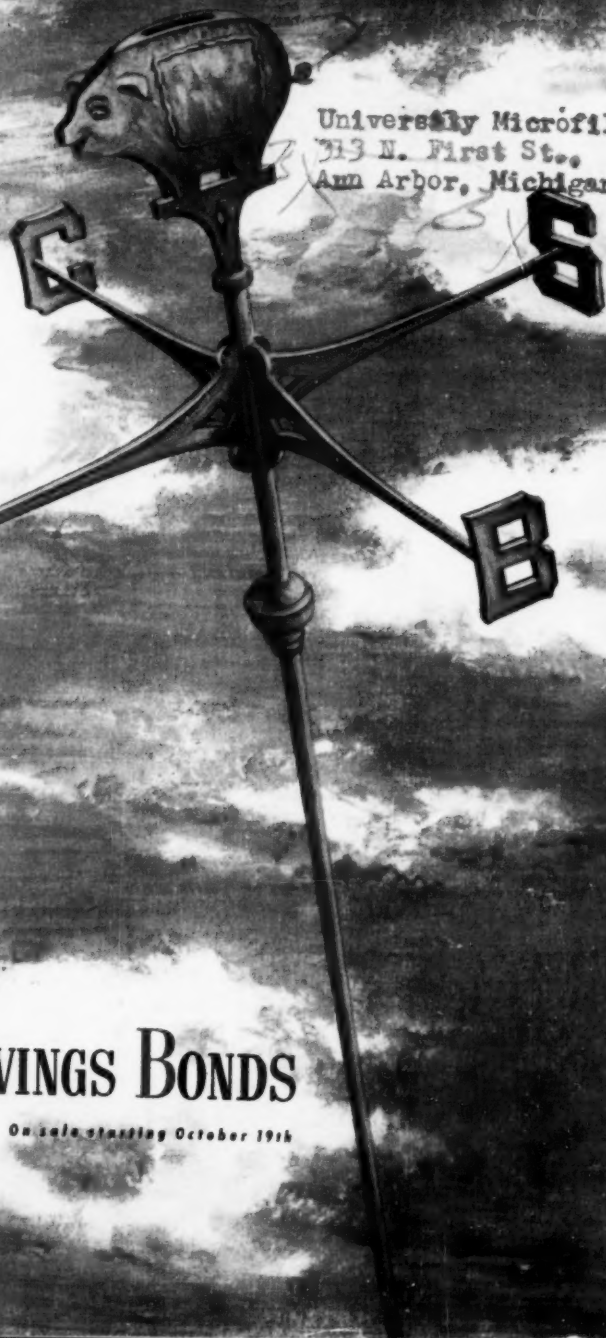
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